Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had been remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so faw,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old:
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a prittie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perillous Boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaugham, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath ceazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie brgins to iet

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse th
Welcome destruction, death and m
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wran
How many of you haue mine eyes
My husband lost his life to get the
And often vp and downe my sonne
For me to ioy and weepe their gain
And being seated, and domesticke
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the
Make war vpon themselues, blood
Selfe against selfe, O prepostorous
And franktice outrage, end thy dar
Or let me die to looke on death no
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we wi
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, go.
And thither bare your treasure and
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your
The Seale I keepe, and so betid to
As well I tender you, and all of yo
Come ile conduct you to the Sanc
The Trumpets sound. Enter youn
Gloster, and Buckingham, C
Buck. Welcome sweete Prince to
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my t
The weary way hath made you me
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses
Haue made it tedious, wearisom, an
I want more Vncles here to welco
Glo. Sweete Prince, the vntainte
Haue not yet diued into the world
Nor more can you distinguish of a
Then of his outward shew, which
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with th
Those Vncles which you want, we
Your grace attended to their fugu
But lookt not on the poyson of th

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)